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PHILOSOPHER and the MAN of BUSINESS.

AN ESSAY.

OF all the subjects with which the human mind is conversant, none affords more exquisite pleasure, or, if properly treated, is attended with greater utility to mankind, than the study of nature. It is philosophy which refines and ennobles our feelings; which elevates our sentiments; and qualifies us to pass through life with the ease, dignity, and grace, which characterise the man of letters. Society is much indebted, also, to the labours and industry of the man of business: it is to him we owe many of the advantages and conveniences, no less than the necessaries of life. But, without farther introduction, I shall proceed to make some cursory remarks upon the subject; trusting I shall be read with that candour which will ever distinguish a discerning mind.

What advantages, it will be asked, does mankind derive from the study of Philosophy, or of nature's laws? The views of the writer are too narrow and limited to take in this unbounded plain, and his talents, alas! too weak and feeble, to comprehend its vast extent. If, however, he shall be fortunate enough to point out, in a *few* instances, that the philosopher contributes more than the man of business, to the benefit of society, his views will be fully answered. He has only to remark farther, that the obser-

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vations he shall make, are to be understood *solely* in a comparative sense; for far be it from the mind of the composer, to underrate the useful labours of the man of industry.

If we turn over with attention the pages of history, we shall find, that, in the earliest ages, the study of philosophy has been attended with the most beneficial consequences. A cloud of darkness and ignorance had long brooded over a benighted world, when the enlivening rays of philosophy dissipated the gloom. The nobler faculties of the soul, which in those barbarous and rude times lay dormant, were called forth, by the mild voice of philosophy, to action; were stimulated to heroism and magnanimity; and were powerfully exerted for the good of the country and of mankind. Man, it is evident, is distinguished from the irrational part of the creation, not more by his erect posture, than by the elegant and exalted faculties of his mind. And yet it is to the aid of philosophy, that these at length shone forth in all their admired lustre. While some nations of the world, unenlightened by its congenial beams, lie, at this hour, in awful darkness; others, upon whom its benign rays have fallen; bless with gratitude the happy hour in which their eyes beheld its dazzling splendor.

It were almost needless to enumerate the many advantages which accrued to the states of Athens and of Sparta, from the famous institutions of a Solon and of a Lycurgus. The latter founded his laws on the sure bottom of philosophy, and on an intimate acquaintance with human nature. Sensible, thus, of the pernicious consequences with which luxury is always attended in a state, he pursued a plan the most effectual to retard its progress, by making iron the *medium* of exchange; so that it has been observed, and it is undoubtedly a curious fact, that had a debt equal to 20l. or 30l. sterling, been paid in Spartan money, it would have employed a wain with a yoke of oxen, to have transported it from one place to another. This is a circumstance, which, however trivial it may at first sight appear, marks in no small degree the philosophic wisdom and deep penetration of the Spartan legislator. When, however, the precious metals, silver and gold, got footing in Sparta, *luxury*, with its dire concomitants, *dissipation* and *vice*, in-

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vaded the state; and, forgetful of the celebrated, the salutary institutions of the wise Lycurgus, it felt its vigours relaxed, its strength exhausted, and its nerves unstrung. Its ruin by degrees approached, and this once stately and wonderous fabric soon hastened to its dissolution.

I avoid mentioning the philosophers of Rome, who stand next in fame to those of Greece. Suffice it to say, that when the thunder of their voice was heard in the *senate*, and when the sound principles of reason, dictated by philosophy, assailed the ears of the attentive Romans, they were no longer led by the nod or clamour of the noisy demagogue; they deserted the paths of ignorance and superstition; and the sun of philosophy, in all its *splendour*, arose upon them; they rejoiced in its rays, and were gladdened by its cheering, its warming, its renovating influences.

But to come nearer *our own times*, and to avoid prolixity*: the advantages derived from *navigation* are too striking to require much illustration: it is to this art the man of business owes the *extensive* trade, which he carries on with foreign nations; and yet he has to thank the philosopher for *that* perfection to which it is *now* brought. The invention of the *mariner's compass* has, confessedly, been followed with the greatest utility to mankind: its beneficial consequences have been *long* felt: thousands of our fellow-creatures, if not of our fellow-citizens, who, in all probability, would have experienced the dreadful woes of *shipwreck* and *death*, in almost endless forms, have, by this most signal discovery, been wonderfully preserved from the "sea's devouring jaws."

Agriculture, too, stands much indebted to the man of science, for its present flourishing and improved state. If it be here said that we are obliged to the labour and industry of the husbandman, for the food with which we are supported; let it be also known and confessed, that we are no less obliged to the attention of the philosopher for the *invention* of the plough, the harrow, and the spade. The husbandman is, as it were, an instrument employed in the

* I here, for brevity's sake, pass by the names of the immortal Newton, Locke, &c.

hand of the man of science, or set on work by his *superior* skill. The philosopher directs, the other only *follows* these directions.

It is philosophy I would add, which teaches us to bridle our passions, and finally to overcome them. It is philosophy which fits us for becoming useful members of society.

It is philosophy which teaches us temperance and moderation; which enjoins us to divest ourselves of all the unsociable and selfish passions; to be forgetful of injuries; and, as far as in us lies, to be generous and obliging to all mankind. A celebrated poet addressing himself to philosophy, has the following beautiful lines:

——" Serene Philosophy!
Effusive source of evidence and truth!
Without thee, what were unenlightened man?
A savage, roaming thro' the woods and wilds
In quest of prey, and with th' unfashion'd fur
Rough clad; devoid of ev'ry finer art
And elegance of life. Nor happiness
Domestic, mix'd of tenderness and care,
Nor moral excellence, nor social bliss,
Nor guardian law, were his; nor various skill
To turn the furrow, or to guide the tool
Mechanic, nor the heav'n-conducted prow
Of navigation bold, that fearless braves
The burning line, or dares the wint'ry pole.
——Taught by thee,
Ours are the plans of policy and peace;
To live like brothers, and conjunctive all
Embellish life. While thus laborious crowds
Ply the tough oar, philosophy directs
The ruling helm; or, like the lib'ral breath
Of potent heav'n, invisible, the sail
Swells out and bears th' inferior world along."

THOMSON'S SUMMER.

In a single word; it is philosophy which renders us happy in *ourselves*, agreeable to *others*, and useful to *all*. ——But let us *now* turn our eyes, for a moment, to the man of business.

He, too, it must be allowed on all hands, may figure in his own line; and be useful in a certain degree. But he figures still within a narrow sphere; and his utility is generally speaking, confined to the circle of his acquaintance, of his neighbours, or of his friends. Often his influence extends no farther. But philosophy, like a little sun scatters its salutary beams all around. The man of business, whom his fellow-citizens deservedly respect on account of his uprightness and integrity, may, in this view, hold in society his station with honour; but the philosopher, as a member of the community *at large*, possesses a seat from which his labours can be as extensive as they are incontestably beneficial. While, upon strict examination, we too often perceive the man of *haughty urbanity*, liberal, without possessing the *genuine* principles of benevolence; clothing the naked, because, perhaps, he can find no use for his coat, which does not *now* suit him; while we see him occasionally feeding the hungry from the superfluities of his *luxurious* table; the philosopher, from his generous feeling, and from the motive of universal charity, stretches forth his assisting hand to the necessities of the indigent, to the wants of all. While the name of the *former* is sometimes heard with applause in the circle of his admirers; the praises of the *latter*

" Thro' heav'n's high arches ring."

In fine, while the memory of the man of business is buried with himself, it will be *emphatically* said of the philosopher, " His name shall flourish in immortal youth."

HUMILIS.

THE TRIUMPH OF TRUTH.

A TALE.

IN a gay and flourishing city in the north of England, resided your Steinfort and Eliza, characters equally celebrated for their personal accomplishments, but whose dispositions were the reverse of what they were represented by the world. Steinfort in whom a detestation of the frivolous pursuits of fashion, was supposed a detestation of every thing sacred and excellent, appeared to the eye of the world as a sullen misanthrope; though it was secretly whispered that his private hours were spent in secret revels and sensual gratifications. Eliza, in whom united a masculine understanding, with the most feminine sweetness, owed the false colouring of her character to neglected beaux and slighted admirers, who concluded that nothing but a miracle of affection and coquetry could have remained insensible to their forced sighs and studied exclamations. Such were the opinions of the world of the two amiable characters who had been mutually stricken with each other's person, with no further acquaintance than a casual meeting in their walks, or sitting in the same box at the theatre; and had secretly lamented an incongruity of disposition which unfitted them for that happiness which each had eagerly anticipated from the ties of matrimony. Steinfort being one evening in a mixed company, who freely handled the reputation of their neighbours, perhaps even without a superficial acquaintance, heard his fair Eliza pictured as the child of caprice and the dupe of flattery, insomuch, that every sentence which magnified her charms or extolled her virtues, was answered with the sigh of desire, and a look that seemed to thirst for more.

Revolving these thoughts in his mind, he strayed into a neighbouring grove to ruminate on the deception of appearances and lament that personal beauty should be the companion of mental deformity. Having seated himself beneath an embowering oak in a remote part of the wood, he began to philosophize on his present state of mind. Those principles which had hitherto been his sole motives to action, seemed sensibly to have lost their influence

and he endeavoured in vain to rally them to the combat. He pictured the perishable charms of beauty in the most contemptible light that ingenuity could devise, but all to no purpose. Eliza still appeared as an exception, and threw a charm over the foibles of her sex, that rendered them less insupportable. Finding he attempted in vain to divest himself of a partiality which seemed fraught with future evils, he started from his mossy seat, and with hasty steps was leaving the grove, when he beheld the object of his contemplation at a small distance, among the trees, and pensively walking towards him, with her eyes fixed on the ground. He gazed on her for a moment with doubtful admiration, irresolute whether to advance or retreat. At length love seemed to conquer, and undecided, he found himself mechanically moving towards her. She had now stopped, and was leaning against a tree for support, in an attitude that rendered loveliness more lovely!

The melancholy posture in which she stood, the silence of the scene around, and the placid sweetness which was imprinted on her features, conspired to heighten his admiration, and he had just resolved to address her, when he perceived himself observed. The situation admitted of no alternative, but abrubtly returning or passing near each other. A moment's hesitation determined the choice of Eliza, and she again came forward. As they approached each other, she viewed him with a look full of tenderness and pity, which, while it cherished his hope, checked his presumption, and he involuntarily passed her cursing his own irresolution. Having proceeded a few paces, he ventured to turn and take another look, the same motives appeared to have actuated Eliza, and their eyes again met. It was but for a moment, the next saw them continue their walk, equally absorbed in reflection.

"Heavens!" exclaimed he, "and can such sweetness of expression, such chastity of demeanour, be the associate of wantonness? why am I not fully convinced? why did I not address her in the language of adulation, the world gives her credit for flexibility, and the result would prove a speedy cure for my passion. He now took a circuitous turn in the wood, resolved to embrace the first opportunity of assuming the flatterer, and informing himself of her depravity. Anticipating the success of his last

resolve, he was a second time quitting the grove, when, abruptly turning a corner, he again met the object of his thoughts, hesitating how to cross a gap of earth for want of assistance. A faint blush suffused her cheek as she encountered his eye, and she was hastily retreating, when Steinfort politely stepped forward and tendered her his hand. Politeness would not suffer her to refuse him, and she accepted it. He had no sooner handed her over, than he again staggered in his purpose; her beauty appeared more transcendently victorious, and he desisted for fear of giving offence. Her hand which he still retained in his, she now endeavoured to withdraw, and he found he must quickly resolve or lose the opportunity. He repeatedly essayed to speak, but as repeatedly failed, till she somewhat relieved him by making a polite acknowledgment of his services, and informing him that her road lay to the left hand.

His resolution now revived, and with a reluctance he could ill conceal, he replied, " Madam, the brilliancy of your charms, and the acknowledged superiority you bear over the females in this part of the world, would make it presumption in me to offer my services any farther, yet the sun condescends to smile on all; and would, that beauty, which is equally divine, were equally impartial?" He now paused, expecting, doubtless, to trace in her look the approbation of the lady, but encountered the insulted dignity of the woman. The chagrin with which she had listened to this rhapsody of libertinism, was evidently depicted in her countenance, and, snatching her hand indignantly from his grasp, she replied, " Sir, this is perfectly consistent with your character, which however fashionable in the world, is a character which I must ever despise." He endeavoured to explain, but she was gone with " a countenance more in sorrow than in anger." The justness of her reproof had rivetted him to the spot, and he could only follow her with his eyes.

A heavy shower of rain recalled the astonished Steinfort from the reverie into which this adventure had plunged him, and revolving in his mind a series of pleasant ideas, he bent his way homewards, little dreaming that his own conduct would serve but to rivet prejudices fatal to

his character and happiness, ELIZA, on her arrival at home, retired to her apartment with an eye dimmed with despair, and a heart that reluctantly ceased to hope. She communicated her encounter with Steinfort to her confidential maid, who failed not to exaggerate her part and repeat it to others. At length it reached the ears of Mr. Dalton, the father of Eliza; a man tenacious of honour, fixed and irrevocable in his decisions. The action as it appeared to him, he thought sufficient to justify a challenge, and he called Mr. Steinfort to the field. Eliza soon heard of her father's conduct and flew to prevent the mischief that might ensue. She stated the action in its true light, entreated, remonstrated on the absurdity of such extremes, but all in vain. He deemed her representation as a partial colouring to prevent him hazarding his life— flew from her presence, and calling for a friend, repaired to the scene appointed for the work of blood.

Steinfort was dreaming on future felicity, and planning various schemes of happiness, when he received this note of demand on honour. Thunderstruck, and unknowing what to resolve upon, he applied to an old friend for advice; but his friend would do no more than advise him to decide for himself, as he would then be more easily reconciled to the result of his determination. In this wavering state of mind he departed alone for the scene of action, unprovided with those implements of murder he had been requested to procure. Mr. Dalton had been waiting ten minutes when he arrived, and demanded, in a peremptory tone, where his second was, and desired him to produce his weapons? "I require no second," replied Steinfort, "and for weapons, I make use of none but what nature has furnished me with. "But first, sir," continued he, "I shall require of you an accurate statement of the cause of our quarrel?" "'Tis sufficient for me," replied Mr. Dalton, "that you have attempted to seduce and dishonour my daughter, this is cause enough for a father. Take your choice of these," continued he, presenting pistols. "No, sir," added Steinfort, "I have attempted to seduce and dishonour no man's daughter, and if I had, it would aggravate rather than extenuate my crime, to comply with your request." "Peace, moralizing coward!" exclaimed the father, "I have my information from authority I am not accustomed to dispute; give me instant satisfaction, or

submit to be branded with everlasting disgrace." "Brand me with what title will please you," replied Steinfort; epithets commonly have little meaning, and often no meaning at all; those who deem it a deviation from honour to decline committing one crime by way of extenuating another, may throw what light they please on my actions, I neither court their applause nor evade their censure; you have been deceived, sir, in respect to the *cause*, and it is therefore fit you should be deceived in respect to the *effect* of our meeting." Having said this he abrubtly departed, leaving Mr. Dalton, and his valiant attendant in complete possession of the field. Mortified at such rude and unexpected treatment they sullenly withdrew to satisfy that honour in idle declamation, which had been disappointed in being satisfied with blood.

Eliza, who had waited with the most painful and trembling anxiety for the result of this conflict, heard of its termination with that exquisite pleasure which none but minds replete with every virtuous principle can feel. She could not but admire that self-commanded spirit, which could calmly reason with the stern and inflexible anger of her father. This trait in Steinfort's character, in some measure dissipated her despair: a thousand pleasing phantoms danced before her imagination. "A beam of comfort, like the moon through clouds," revived the prospect of life, and added energy to hope. Such is the rapidity with which we conceive in what interests the heart. Dazzling, but transient happiness! no sooner has fancy given a boundary to the charming prospect, than reason involves it in gloom. Steinfort, at length sickening at the triumph of vice, and disgusted with the sneers of malice, secluded himself from the world in the retired silence of nature. Thus had disappointment and misfortune tinged with misanthropy, a disposition formed by nature for softer enjoyments.

Eliza heard the true character of Steinfort when it was too late to profit by the discovery. Disconsolate and sick at heart, she found no pleasure but in seeking his friends, and making them recount his virtues, while she, with the greedy ear of love "devoured up their discourse." She accused herself as the author of his misfortunes, and of having conspired to hunt him from society. These ideas

preyed upon her mind, and her health began visibly to decline. Her father, struck with the evident alteration, and conceiving a change of air might be serviceable, prevailed upon her to spend a few months with a distant relation, about twenty miles from town. Thither she retired, where the solicitude of her amiable relatives contributed much towards the re-establishment of her health. The country round being extremely picturesque and romantic, she had an opportunity of indulging her taste for solitude, in frequent walks.

Being tempted by an unusual fine evening to extend the limits of her excursions, she entered a neighbouring coppice, in which she soon found herself bewildered by the variety of its paths. Night approached, and the heavens became obscured with clouds. Alarmed at her situation, she attempted to quicken her pace, which was considerably retarded by briars that intersected her path. Her apprehensions became seriously painful, and were suddenly increased by the sound of indistinct voices from behind. She attempted to fly with precipitation; but the gloom around her, and the obstacles she had to encounter at every step, rendered every effort ineffectual. The sounds became more distinct, and, on a sudden, four ruffians, with sacrilegious hands, fastened on their defenceless prey. She gave them all the property she had about her, and begged to be released; but they proceeded to more violent measures. She fell on her knees, and with tears that might have disarmed the tiger of his ferocity, petitioned for mercy, which was savagely rejected. At that moment the approach of other footsteps was heard, and a youth rushed from among the trees, and with a rapidity of action that seemed to baffle all resistance, and mock the perseverance of courage, soon levelled three of the villains with the earth. The other, taking advantage of his situation, aimed a blow at his adversary, which, for awhile deprived him of any further resistance; but apprehensive that the screams of Eliza would bring others to their aid, he immediately fled, and his companions on coming to themselves, and finding nobody to deter them, followed his example.

Gratitude now overcame all other ideas in the mind of Eliza, and her whole attention was directed to the stranger

who had, perhaps, forfeited his life in her defence. She threw herself on the ground by his side, when the moon, emerging from a cloud, and beaming on his face, discovered to her the lifeless features of STEINFORT!

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SINCERITY

IS in itself lovely, exalted, and endearing; lovely because it comprehends that which is beautiful and exalted, because that which is good is likewise great; and consequently its fair sublimity renders it an object endearing to those finer feelings implanted in our natures.

Sincerity is the firm foundation whereon *truth* rears her dauntless front—it is the characteristic of a great soul, the indicator of real worth, and the shield of virtue: whereas insincerity is the parent and nurse of falsehood, the groveling support of mean actions, and the cloak of vice; and where is the man possessed of that dignity attached to an immortal soul, who is not sensible of this? or where the insincere who act with a noble consistency of character?

The more we practise sincerity, the more are we in love with it. Sincerity is a fair source of numerous and valuable virtues—delightful are its paths, self-approving its heavenly dictates, and all harmonious its attendant graces. Like the majestic oak that firmly scorns the hurricane, so doth sincerity scorn the creeping wiles and evasions of its enemies. Sincerity is the parent of genuine liberty, and hence those glowing emotions that warm the patriot's breast. Say, is there not something in it inexpressibly engaging; listen to the conversation of a candid man, and your very soul is warmed with admiration. Observe his actions, are they not conformable to the dictates of pure morality? O! there is in candour a striking resemblance to the sportive lamb, the innocent dove, and the transparent stream. Sympathy and charity go hand in hand with this amiable companion—indeed they lean on her for support.

National and domestic affairs owe their tranquillity to love and sincerity; when those virtues are uncultivated, alas! how deplorable the consequences! Sincerity retorts on itself, and like streams that overflow their banks, doth insincerity grovel in a false channel.

Where riches have disseminated a luxurious mood, little, very little true candour is to be found. Commerce is too frequently tainted with duplicity; not that we wish to throw an odium on every merchant and tradesman; no! for there are amongst this respectable class of men, those who are ornaments in society, and an honour to human nature; yet it is amongst the swains we must expect to find the greatest proportion of true sincerity. Although this noble principle may be cultivated every where, yet rural solitude is best adapted to its steady diffusion—a diffusion mild as are the sun's departing rays, or splendid as his oriental vegetation. Since then sincerity is of so important a nature, and so valuable an acquisition, it behoves us to cherish this disposition, pregnant with happiness.

THE CAVERN OF STROZZI.

IT is near three months since I was at Venice. After having visited whatever was worthy of curiosity in that great city, I was preparing to quit it, when an unforeseen and extraordinary incident prolonged my stay. One morning, as I was exploring the spacious rooms of the library of St. Mark, my eyes were by chance attracted towards a large folio volume, with this title on the back of it—*A Description of the Cavern of Strozzi.* Expecting, by the perusal of the work, to find something that might be applicable to one I was composing, upon the singular productions of Nature in the mineral reign, I went and requested the librarian to give me the book: as soon as I had it in my hands I retired to one of the window-seats, to peruse it the more at my ease.

I had already read a few of the first pages, without receiving any very great satisfaction: at the ninth page I was going to throw down the book; when, on turning the leaf, I thought I perceived transparent characters in the paper, as the light reflected upon it. Curious of ascertaining what they expressed, I raised the book to the window and placed the leaf that had interested my curiosity before it, and between the first thirteen lines, which commenced the history of the petrifactions of the Cavern of Strozzi, I distinctly read these words, although Gothic characters had been employed in order to trace them:

"*The wonders which nature has collected together in the Cavern of Strozzi are less surprising than the delerium of those passions which are there exhibited in all their horror.*"

There was something so enigmatical in these lines, and the manner in which I had discovered them was so mysterious, that I could not restrain the emotions they produced. I confess, my astonishment was increased when, upon carefully examining the rest of the leaves, I found the same inscription repeated on every thirteenth. I am not in the least superstitious, yet this number, to which human weakness attaches a kind of fatal influence, did not seem to me to have been the effect of chance; therefore the prejudice which actuated the writer in using it, rendered the inscription still more surprising. I copied it with a pencil upon a card: I did not forget to note down the title of the work, the name of the bookseller who had published it, the place and year it had been printed, and the numbers of the fatal pages on which the inscription had been interlined; I also remarked the shelf of the library on which the volume was placed; and then, returning it to the librarian, I asked him, affecting as much indifference as I possessed curiosity, whether he could inform me of the name of the author of the work. The good Friar (for they are of the order of Dominicans who have the charge of the library of St. Mark) answered in the negative; but he presumed it was some one who attentively examined the rare productions of the Cavern of Strozzi. To me, who had not read much of the contents of the book, this

answer might have conveyed a double meaning; but I perceived, by the rest of the discourse, that he was less informed on the subject than myself; therefore, taking leave of him, I went to indulge in those reflections this event had suggested.

Having retired to one of the solitary walks in the garden belonging to the library of St. Mark, I read the mysterious lines again and again; but the more I meditated, the less could I discover their meaning: and though they were written in Gothic characters, yet as the book was of a recent date, these lines must evidently be so too. Then I said to myself, "Of what passions can a dark and isolated Cavern be the theatre?—Even supposing murders to have been meditated or committed there, how can it now exhibit a representation of horrors that are past?—Besides, the author of the inscription has not pointed out the period to which he refers.——It was possible some hermit, wearied of the follies of youth, and the victim of his own passions, had inhabited the Cavern.—But did he still reside there?—Who was he?—He must have been heard of at Venice." Such were the questions I had to resolve —such the doubts to clear up.

Night surprised me in the midst of my meditations, which were the more painful as I had no clue to direct them; but in whatever way I considered the subject, my mind was still embarrassed, and at a loss to form any reasonable conjecture.

Neither the dead silence of the night, nor the depth of my reflections, afforded me any assistance in my researches. When day appeared, I went to every bookseller in Venice, to enquire for the Description of the Cavern of Strozzi; but among thirty I only found three who had ever heard of the book, and only one who could procure it for me. I bought this single copy, and shut myself up in my study, to discover the sense of the oracle which appeared so mysterious. My hopes were deceived: it was in vain I turned to every thirteenth leaf; I found none of the transparent characters, and was obliged to refer again to my card.

All these obstacles, instead of stifling my curiosity, rendered it more active. I have often traversed miles to gather

remarkable plants, or discover the rare productions of nature; but I would travel to the remotest parts of the globe, if by so doing I could discover a new region in the heart of man, or develope a secret fold in which some new passion was concealed.

The leaves of the hieroglyphic volume, which I compared to those of the Sybil, promised me this satisfaction; and I was anxious not to neglect an opportunity which might never again present itself.

I informed myself respecting the Cavern of Strozzi: I learned that it was situated in a small island of the same name in the Adriatic Gulph, to the north of Venice, about the distance of five miles; had it been an hundred I should have gone. The next day I bargained with a gondolier, and having provided myself with arms and some provisions, I embarked at sunset.

The nature of this recital does not allow me to interrupt it, to describe the magnificent effect of that beautiful planet which was slowly sinking into the tranquil wave gilded by its rays; nor is my hasty pen worthy so grand a picture; but I cannot avoid recommending to those who are desirous of enjoying such a scene, to figure to themselves the infinite number of barks and gondolas which at that moment covered the sea, and whose floating streamers seemed to reflect, by the pleasing variety of their colours, the glowing tints which are painted in the heavens.

After a passage of an hour and a quarter we anchored in a little creek of the island; when the gondolier, after having put me on shore, and received my orders to return at the same hour next day, wished me a good night, and rowed off.

I had landed on the side nearest the Cavern, and had not proceeded two hundred paces, when, from the difference of the soil on which I stood, and the dampness of the air, I conjectured I was near it. To the rich and luxurient fields I had quitted, succeeded barren heaths and arid sands. My sight, which had at first been gratified by the appearance of poplars and palm trees, whose foilage, lightly waving, presented a moving shadow, now saddened at the mournful aspect of the yew and weep-

ing willow. I soon found myself sensibly descending, and in a few minutes was at the mouth of the Cavern. Rugged and steep rocks obstructed the entrance, and between their cavities were planted gloomy cypresses. A sort of brownish moss grew about the rocks; whose white summits formed a strong contrast with the dull aspect of surrounding nature, and rendered the prospect still more dismal. The expiring rays of the sun, which reflected on them, coloured their extremest points; but the faint tint they bestowed, instead of enlivening the scene, added to its horror. Never was my soul so harrowed as when contemplating this dreadful picture. It was in vain I looked round me; the sun had disappeared, and I seemed as though plunged into an immense tunnel, the sides of which, thick sown with pointed flints, and trees of mournful hue, announced nought but despair and death,

"Alas!" I exclaimed involuntarily, as if transported by one of those rapid emotions which a soul violently agitated cannot command—"Alas! how, in such a desert, can man be a slave of passions?—Is it here they reign with full sway?—What! where nature seems extinct, can the passions still exist?—Where is the soul intrepid enough not to be intimidated at this scene?—What flame, however devouring, but this place must extinguish?—Oh passions! wild ungovernable passions! if ye disturb these rocks, what lonely cottage can ye leave in peace?"

The day, or rather the evening, glided insensibly away, and was replaced by the pale and trembling light of the moon. This circumstance still added to the horror of the situation; the gigantic forms of the rocks became more hideous, and the immense shadows they projected froze my soul with terror. On a sudden I figured to my imagination that this dreadful Cavern had been stained with the blood of some sad victims; and from the midst of a large and dark opening, which seemed like the jaws of Death threatening me, I thought I beheld pale phantoms flitting along: doubtless it was nothing more than an illusion. Reason calmed the sallies of my disturbed imagination, and I proceeded in search of some place of security where I might pass the night.

I explored the Cavern a considerable time; during which I almost repented having attempted so hazardous an adventure. At length, having found a spot shaded by a willow, I seated myself, examined my pistols, which I found in good order, took a little refreshment, drew my sword, and wrapping myself in my cloak, I lay down, in the hope of enjoying the sweets of sleep.

I had been in this position about half an hour, and had began to doze, when an hollow and distant murmur drew my attention. I pushed back the hood of my cloak, with which I had covered my head, placed myself on my seat, and listened with the most silent attention. The noise, which at first seemed as if approaching me, suddenly ceased, and for some minutes I heard no more; but it soon became more distinct. By the sound, I thought it was produced by chains dragged along under the vaults of the Cavern; and their horrid clanking appeared to advance nearer and nearer: presently a part of the rock, which formed an entrance to a more secret part of the Cavern, was removed, with a noise that made the whole place resound, and I saw a tall figure, clad in white, and chained, led out by another, who appeared somewhat shorter. After several windings, during which the two spectres preserved a profound silence, they changed their direction, and were proceeding towards the spot where I was: I had just time to rise, seize my arms, and retreat behind the willow, whose aged trunk was sufficiently large to have concealed three persons. I was in the shade, and consequently my motions were not discovered. The figure in white, and the one who held it enchained, arrived at the spot I had just quitted; and the former having seated himself, the other fastened the chain of his companion, or rather his prisoner, to a ring placed in the rock, which I had not perceived; he then withdrew to a short distance, pulled out a steel, struck it, lighted a pipe, muttered a few oaths, and began to smoke.

After a mournful silence of ten or twelve minutes, which was only interrupted by the sighs of the personage who was seated, the latter addressed the one who appeared to be his keeper:—

"Ricardo," said he, "what's the hour?"

"Past midnight," replied the other surlily.

"Midnight!" exclaimed the prisoner, uttering a heavy sigh—"Alas! all hours are to me equal, for they are all equally attended with grief:—must I be condemned to die daily, and am I prevented ridding myself of a loathsome life?"

"S'death!" said Ricardo,—"it depends only on yourself to render your life agreeable: your obstinacy causes all your miseries; you might be happy if you were complying."

"Great God!" replied the prisoner, "if I can purchase liberty only at the price of honour, I prefer dying with her I love to living with her I detest."

"Sensible determination," replied the goaler; "to detest a charming woman, and dote upon a loathsome carcase."

"Ricardo," said the other, in an accent mingled with grief and indignation, "you are placed here to guard me, not to give me advice.—Is it not enough you tyrannize over my person, but must you also be master of my thoughts!"

Ricardo vented an oath, and was silent. The prisoner sighed, and leaning his head upon his hands, seemed to weep.

For myself, struck as I was with the scene I beheld, and the mysterious words I had heard, I thought the whole a dream.

Ricardo who had finished smoking his pipe, amused himself by climbing to a part of the rock of steep ascent; and when he was at a sufficient distance not to hear me, I thought I would venture to utter a few consoling words that might afford a ray of hope to the wretched prisoner; but that I might not startle him, I sung a few plaintive notes in a very low voice. The unexpected sounds excited his attention: surprise and fear forced an involuntary exclamation from him, which however the gaoler did not hear. Conceiving his first alarm had subsided, I softly sung the first couplet of the following stanza, which perfectly accorded with his situation.

Oh thou, the victim of sad care and grief!
Who liv'st immur'd in cavern here forlorn,

The hand is near that means to bring relief,
And heal those mis'ries thou so long hast born.

Thy sorrows cease, no more thy lot bewail;
Of happiness man ne'er can be bereft,
Howe'er adversity with woes assail,
While hope, that soother of the soul is left.

Reflect how many by a tyrant's power,
Like thee, deplore the dungeon's gloomy night,
Till gracious Heav'n, at the appointed hour,
The tyrant strikes, and brings his crimes to light:

Oft days of pleasure follow nights of pain,
And thou may'st wake to happiness and joy;
Then let sweet hope thy sinking soul sustain,
For guilt alone can soothing hope destroy.

The prisoner was upon the point of answering—he was preparing his voice,—when Ricardo, wearied of his amusement, descended from the crag of the rock, and approaching in the most brutal manner, "Come, let us [illegible]

"To-morrow then," cried the prisoner, as he was leaving the willow which concealed me.

"To-morrow," replied I.

"The devil!" said Ricardo, "did I not hear some one speak?"

"It was the echo," answered the prisoner, "which repeated my words—To-morrow."

Ricardo contented himself with saying—He had not before observed the echo; and having untied the chain of his victim, they returned into the Cavern.

Left alone, and abandoned to my reflections, I recalled every circumstance of the scene I had beheld; I compared them together in the order in which they had appeared with the words I had extracted from the book at the library. I presumed that the unhappy wretch who was confined in the Cavern of Strozzi was the victim of the passion

of some powerful lady, to whose desires he refused to yield. "But why should he have said that he preferred dying with her he loved to living with her he detested?—Perhaps his mistress was a prisoner as well as himself, and the wretched pair were both immured in this dreadful Cavern. —Why talk of dying with her?—Was it intended to sacrifice them?"—Again, "What could Ricardo mean by the words "Cherish a loathsome carcase?"

All these thoughts, and a crowd of others floated on my brain. As soon as I had solved one question, some objection, which I had not foreseen, plunged me in doubt. The night and part of the day passed in this manner; a thousand schemes entered my imagination:—sometimes yielding to a cowardly fear, I thought of flying for ever from this scene of horror and danger: sometimes animated by a more noble sentiment, I determined to inform the holy inquisitors of what I had seen. Evening had arrived, and I had adopted no fixed resolution. I ran towards the shore: —my gondola appeared; but I desired the gondolier to return again next day, pretending (what indeed was but too true) that the singularities and wonders of the Cavern required more than a day to examine them thoroughly.

The day had quite departed; night had veiled the earth, and the moon shed her faint and glimmering rays over a sea of clouds; a southerly wind, which blew from Venice, made me distinctly hear the hours strike. Still concealed behind the old willow, I counted eleven without having perceived any thing. At length, a few minutes before midnight, the entrance to the inmost Cavern was unloosed, and the prisoner came forward, followed by the brutal Ricardo. Both placed themselves on the rock near the willow. Ricardo chained his victim as before, lighted his pipe, and walked to a short distance. I repeated, in a low voice, the stanza I sung yesterday, which the prisoner listened to with attention; then cautiously extending part of my body towards him, keeping the other concealed behind the tree, I said to him, "Are you acquainted with a certain book in the library of St. Mark?"

He started—"I see," said he, "you have read the thirteenth pages; but I am too much observed to speak: if you

The hand is near that means to bring relief,
And heal those mis'ries thou so long hast born.

Thy sorrows cease, no more thy lot bewail;
Of happiness man ne'er can be bereft,
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He started—"I see," said he, "you have read the thirteenth pages; but I am too much observed to speak: if you

can feel for my misfortunes, act as this letter directs you; and when you shall have read it, pursue the dictates of your own heart."

I was about to reply, but the return of Ricardo only gave me time to put forth my hand, and take the letter the prisoner presented. I then again concealed myself. Ricardo repeated the same circumstances I have described to have taken place yesterday; and the prisoner, as he was going away, turned his head towards the place where I was, and sung these words in a melancholy tone of voice:

" Who aids the cause of innocence oppress'd
" Is by the act alone supremely bless'd;
" No greater rapture man on earth can know,
" Than that of feeling and relieving woe."

The moon was not sufficiently clear to enable me to read the letter he had given me, and it would have been imprudent to have struck a light; I therefore left the Cavern, and waited on the sea shore the return of the day. But as I had passed the preceding night without sleep, was wearied by the ideas this extraordinary adventure had excited, and was lulled by the monotonous sound of the billows beneath me, I yielded to these various impulses, and fell into a profound sleep.

It was broad day-light when I awoke. The fatigue I had undergone, the sleep I had enjoyed, added to the sharp and nitrous air from the sea, had excited the cravings of hunger in an extreme degree; but I had but little provision left; therefore I could only assuage without satisfying it.

I saw, with some uneasiness, that in order to enable myself to explore the end of this adventure, it was necessary I should return to Venice; and my regret was increased when I read the prisoner's letter.—It was to this effect:

" What you have already seen of my misfortunes, dreadful as they may have appeared to you, can give you no idea of those of which you are still ignorant. If you are desirous of becoming acquainted with them, and of rescuing the most miserable of men, repair to-morrow

"about midnight to the sea shore, near the bay which is "opposite to Venice; a bark will land there; follow those "whom you see leave it, without, if possible, being per- "ceived by them; observe them, and act as honour and "pity dictate."

It is easy to imagine what my impatience was during the rest of the day—an impatience which was encreased by the calls of hunger. I traversed the island, but it only presented singular petrifactions, and spars of every form and colour—things which at any other time I should have felt a lively interest in, but which then only augmented my hunger, my impatience, and my fatigue.

This tedious day at length closed.—The sun quitted the horizon, and my faithful gondolier did not fail to make his appearance. We soon crossed the strait that separated us from Venice.—When I had arrived at that city, I only delayed the necessary time to obtain a fresh supply of provisions, and in half an hour after returned to the island of Strozzi.

In order the better to follow the instructions contained in the prisoner's letter, I concealed myself behind a rising ground near the bay, where, by raising my head, I could discover the sea. I remained a full hour in this position. Towards midnight, as I judged by the moon, which had just risen, (for the wind having changed, I could not hear the sound of the clocks at Venice) the noise of oars, which agitated the calm billows, announced the arrival of the bark. It soon touched ground, and five persons came silently from it: one of them fastened it to the shore, a second uncovered a dark lantern, with which he appeared to examine the place round him, and all of them proceeded towards the Cavern.

Leaving the retreat in which I had concealed myself, I followed them: neither of them spoke, but walked with slow and solemn steps. The noise of their footsteps echoed round them, and the Cavern, which they were now near, repeated the sounds. What a scene!—what a situation!—A gloomy night scarce rendered visible, by the faint light of the moon, a parched and barren soil, covered with

briers; a dreadful mass of rocks piled one upon another, and rearing their Colossal forms above the horizon; a wide, dark, and horrid Cavern; weeping willows; mournful cypresses; and, to add to these horrors, a dread silence which rendered the distant dashing of the billows and the blood-stained steps of the five murderers still more frightful.

They arrived at the Cavern. One of them struck a projection of the rock with the hilt of his poniard; an instant after a hoarse voice from the inside of the Cavern cried, "*Treason.*" The five persons replied, "*Vengeance:*" and the entrance was opened after the three first had repeated the words "*Vengeance!—vengeance!—vengeance!*"

In the meantime, favoured by the darkness and the confusion which agitated the conspirators, I glided, unperceived, among them. The light of the lantern hardly extended two steps beyond him who held it, and we were in such a winding and intricate path that we could only walk one abreast. It was consequently difficult, nay almost impossible, to have perceived me; but if I had been discovered, and they had offered me any violence, I was provided with arms in good condition, and would have dearly sold my life. But the idea of being serviceable to an unhappy being, and a short and fervent prayer I addressed to Heaven, banished fear from my soul: I only thought of justifying that confidence the oppressed had reposed in me.

Whilst I was actuated by this reflection, I felt a hand leaning on me, which from its smallness and softness, I judged to be a woman's. This hand, apparently heated by a burning fever, grasped mine with a convulsive motion, and pressing it to her heart, which beat with violent and unequal palpitations. I continued silent, when I heard a voice in soft accents, but evidently agitated, say to me, "Do you not feel how it beats?—it is rage—it is love.*

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* The inconsistency of the Lady's conduct can only be accounted for from the disordered and agitated state of her passions at the moment.

As we advanced, the Cavern seemed to enlarge itself. The glimmerings of light which at intervals shot from the lantern, reflected upon the roof and sides of the rock, whose crystalline productions sparkled with a thousand colours. We soon breathed a damp air, infected with pestilential vapours. I felt myself unwell, and remarked that three of those I accompanied were in a similar situation. The three others, I mean the gaoler, who had opened the entrance of the Cavern, he who carried the lantern, and she who had taken me by the hand, were in no ways affected.

At a little distance we descended some steps, rudely cut out in the rock; at the bottom of the last of them was a small door, which, upon being struck by him who went first, was immediately opened.—We entered:—the darkness did not permit me to distinguish the objects; however, by the faint light that preceded us, I observed in one of the corners a figure dressed in white: it was the only object I could distinctly perceive; for the man who held the lantern having taken it to light a torch by, a gust of wind extinguished it, and we were left in utter darkness. I confess, whatever firmness I possessed I could not at that instant resist the impulse of terror.

The dread scene that surrounded me, the fearful silence preserved by my criminal companions, the horrid darkness, the damp dews of the Cavern—all these circumstances united convinced me I was among a set of murderers, whose dark deeds perhaps I was on the point of witnessing. I however recalled my troubled spirits, and resolved notwithstanding the numbers against me, to exert the courage of justice, which is ever an even match for guilt.

(To be Continued.)

GENERAL WASHINGTON.

WE would fain believe that the whole of General Washington's will has been perused by no man without

some portion of that calm and pleasurable elevation which uniformly leaves us better and wiser beings. It would have been deeply interesting, considered only as the last deliberate act of a life so beneficial to the human race; but independently of this sublime association, it is in itself an affecting and most instructive composition. Like all the former manifestations of his character, it gives proof that a true and solid greatness may exist, and make itself felt, without any admixture of wildness, without any obtrusive appeals to the imagination: it gives proof, consolatory and inspiriting proof, how many virtues, too often deemed incompatible with each other, a thinking and upright mind may unite in itself. It were scarcely too much to affirm of this will, that all the main elements of public and private morals, of civil and domestic wisdom, are conveyed in it either directly or by implication. It is, indeed, no less than an abstract of his opinions and feelings, as a *patriot*, *friend*, and *relation;* and all arising naturally and unostentatiously out of the final disposal of a fortune not more honourably earned than beneficently employed. Appertaining to his character, as the American *patriot*, more exclusively than the other pages of his will, is the plan and endowment of a *central university*. The motives which impelled the General to this bequest, he has stated, with such beauty and precision, as scarcely leave any thing for the philosopher or the eulogist to add. We can only subjoin to the advantages so ably enumerated, that such an institution must be eminently serviceable to America, as having a direct tendency to soften and liberalise the too great commercial spirit of the country, in as far as it will connect the pleasures and ambition of its wealthier citizens, in the most impressible period of life, with objects abstract and unworldly; and that while by friendships and literary emulations it may remove local jealousies, it will tend to decorate the American character with an ornament hitherto wanting in it, viz. genuine local attachments, unconnected with pecuniary interests.

Of a mixed nature, partly belonging to the patriot, and partly to the master of a family, is the humane, earnest, and solemn wish concerning the emancipation of the slaves

on his estate. It explains, with infinite delicacy and manly sensibility, the true cause of his not having emancipated them in his life time; and should operate as a caution against those petty libellers, who interpret the whole of a character by a part, instead of interpreting a part by the whole. We feel ourselves at a loss which most to admire in this interesting paragraph, the deep and weighty feeling of the general principle of universal liberty; or the wise veneration of those fixed laws in society, without which that universal liberty must for ever remain impossible, and which, therefore, must be obeyed even in those cases, where they *suspend* the action of that general principle; or, lastly, the affectionate attention to the particular feelings of the slaves themselves, with the ample provision for the aged and infirm. Washington was no "architect of ruin!"

In the bequests to his friends, the composition evidences, the peculiar delicacy and correctness of his mind. The high value which he attached to his old friend, Dr. Franklin's legacy of the gold-headed cane, by bequeathing it, and it alone, to his brother, Charles Washington; the spy-glasses, left, with the modest parenthesis, "because they will be useful to them where they live;" yet not without stamping the value on those precious relicts, as having been useful to himself in the deliverance of his country; the wisdom of remitting the box to Lord Buchan, with the gentle implication of the impracticability and impropriety of performing the conditions, with which the box had been originally accompanied; that reverence for the primary designation of a gift, implied in the words "agreeably to the original design of the Goldsmith's Company of Edinburgh," and which words were besides necessary, in order to prevent the interpretation, that he had remitted it from inability to find any man in his own country equally deserving of it with the Earl; the bequest of the bible, and of the swords, the first without annotation, the last with the solemnity of a Christian hero; all and each of these we have dwelt upon, as evidences of a mind strong and healthful, yet with a fineness and rapidity of the associating power, seldom found even in those who derive sensibility from nervous disease. The gratitude, the deep and

immortal gratitude, displayed in the declaration of the motives of his bequest to his nephew, Bushrod Washington, is of a still higher class of excellence; and the virtue is individualised, and has a new interest given it, by his attention to the very letter of an old promise, no longer in force. The accuracy with which the estates are marked out, will aid the distant posterity of the present Americans, in their reverential pilgrimages to the seat of their great *Pater Patriæ*. The attachment which he has shewn to all his relations, the provisions he has made for them all, and the attention to honourable causes of local preferment in these provisions, are circumstances highly noticeable. Highly noticeable too is the disjunction of this family attachment from that desire of the aggrandizement of some one branch of the family, so commonly adherent to it. He has weakened by evidence, the best and almost the only argument for primogeniture. One fact strikes us particularly in the perusal of this will. Of all Washington's numerous relations, not one appears as a placeman or beneficiary of the government, not one appears to have received any thing from their kinsman as President and influencer of the United States, yet all have evidences of the zeal and affection of the President, as their kinsman. There is something in the arrangement of the will, beyond any example, which we recollect, instructive and judicious. He commences with a positive or perfect duty the payment of debts; then goes immediately to the most respectful and affectionate attention to his wife, which becomes more intellectual, more moral, from the circumstances, which he after notices, of his having remained without issue; he proceeds to his concerns as master of his family, and provides for the emancipation of his slaves; and having finished his most immediate and *most* sacred offices, viz. the domestic duties, he rises, *then*, and *not till then*, into the *patriot*, and founds a central university! After his own family comes his country, and then his relations by consanguinity not of his own family—after these his friends, and all those whom fellowship in arms, or old acquaintance, had endeared to him; and last of all, he proceeds to the circumstantial disposal of his estate. Throughout the whole, there reigns a *humaneness* of feeling, a

complete union of himself with the mass of his fellow citizens, so as even to avoid references to any public characters; and above all, an ardent wish for improvement, combined with reverential observance, and affectionate awe for present and existing customs and feelings.

A.

CURIOUS ENIGMATICAL LETTER.

TO A DEAN OF WATERFORD.

In 1744.

THE following letter was written to the Dean of Waterford by a widower, the father of six children, under the fictitious name of *Elzevir*. The design of it was to invite the Dean and his company to supper, particularly Miss Elizabeth Marshall, a young lady about eighteen, with a fortune of thirty thousand pounds, who was lodged in the Dean's study, he having much company at that time.

" Reverend Sir,

" I am told there is a book which lies in your study in sheets; and all who have seen it admire that it should remain so long unbound: I think it is called *Martial's Epithalamium*, or some such name; but, lest I should be mistaken in the title, I will describe it as well as I can.

" It is a fair and beautiful manuscript, the ink very black and shining, on the whitest virgin vellum that can be imagined; the characters are so nice and delicate, as to discover it to be the work of some masterly hand; and there is such symmetry and exact proportion in all its parts, and the features (if I may so call them) are so just and true, that it puts the reader often to a stand in admiring the beauties of them.

"The book has an additional ornament, which it did not want,—all the margin being flourished with gold: but that which commends it more, is, that though it has been written full eighteen years, as I have been informed, yet it is not sullied, nor stained; insomuch, that one would think it was never once turned over by any man.

"The volume itself does not appear to be of any great bulk, and yet I understand that it has been valued at thirty thousand pounds.

"'Tis pity so valuable a piece should ever be lost; and the way to prevent this, is by increasing the copies of it. If the author will give consent, and you will licence it, I will immediately put it into the press. I have all the necessary apparatus for the purpose, and I will spare no pains to embellish and adorn the whole with the most natural and lively figures; and I shall not despair of producing an edition as beautiful in the eyes of all men as the dear original is at present in mine. Methinks I could read it with pleasure night and day.

"If, therefore, you will do me the favour to let me have your company this evening, and bring this incomparable piece along with you, it will add to the entertainment of every one, but particularly of him who is with the greatest respect,

Your faithful friend,

ELZEVIR.

THE following Song is one of the finest remains of the patriotic Poetry of the ancient Greeks. It is preserved in the History of Athenæus; and has been republished with learned criticisms and comments by Bishop Lowth in his lectures on the "Sacred Poetry of the Hebrews." Dr. Lowth, who was the Professor of Poetry in the University of Oxford, after bestowing on it great praise, says, it was written by one Callistratus, who was not only an ingenious poet, but a very good citizen, and observes, that one such Song would do more to overturn the tyranny of the Cæsars

than all the Phillippies of Cicero. It was so popular among the Athenians, as to be sung at all parties, assemblies and entertainments. A judgment may be formed of its universal currency by this; when a man said of another, *he shall not sing Harmodius at my house*, he was understood to mean, *he shall never be my guest*.

The Song is intended to perpetuate the praises of HARMONIUS and ARISTOGITON, two young Athenians, who killed Hipparchus the Son of Pisistratus tyrant of Athens, drove his Brother Hippias into exile, and restored the republican form of Government which had been destroyed by the usurpers. The day on which this tyranny was overthrown, was the Panathenæum or general festival, corresponding to the American fourth of July; and they were both slain in the attempt.

This Patriotic Song, which has been applauded by Bishop Lowth, and translated in a free style into the English language by Dr. Mitchell, will, we hope, be acceptable to our readers, especially as it may be sung to the tune of "The Spacious Firmament," and be agreeably performed on the Piano-Forte.

HARMODIUS AND ARISTOGITON.

I'll walk prepar'd my sword to wield;
My sword by myrtle-leaves conceal'd:
As by HARMODIUS brave was done
And fearless ARISTOGITON;
Who, offering tyrant power its due
The Son of Pisistratus slew,
And gave to Athens freed the reign
Of just and equal laws again.

Belov'd HARMODIUS!---Tho' the force
Of murderous weapons gor'd thy corse,
Thou art not dead;---the fates deny
That friends to virtue e'er should die;

Thou livest in happiness and rest,
Where, in the regions of the bless'd
Achilles swift-of foot abides
And valiant Diomede resides.

I'll walk prepar'd m sword to wield;
My sword by myrtle leaves conceal'd;
As by HARMODIUS brave was done
And fearless ARISTOGITON;
Who offering tyrant p wer its due
The lawless prince Hipparchus slew,
Where crowds were met with gazing eyes
Their public heart to solemnize.

Ye Patriot pair!—with joy I view
Eternal glory wait on you,
Transcending all that's gone before,
Nor lost when time shall be no more;
Because resolv'd to act your part
Ye pierced the oppressor's cruel heart,
And gave to Athens freed the reign
Of just and equal laws again.

PETRARCH'S IDEA OF BOOKS.

FEW persons know the value of books better than *Petrarch.* His friends having written him several apologies for not visiting him, in which they declaimed against his love of solitude, as unnatural to a human being, and reproached him on his unsocial mode of life; Petrarch smiled at their messages, and made the following excellent remarks: "*These people* consider the pleasures of the world as their supreme good, and not to be renounced. But *I*

kind host supplied him with money to pursue his journey. In some time after he presented himself before the king, he recounted his misfortunes, magnified his services; and this inhuman wretch, who had looked with an eye of envy on the possessions of the man who had preserved his life, was now so abandoned to all sense of gratitude, as to request that the king would bestow upon him the house and lands where he had been so tenderly and kindly entertained. Unhappily Philip, without examination, inconsiderately and precipitately granted his infamous request; and this soldier now returned to his preserver, and repaid his goodness by driving him from his settlement, and taking immediate possession of all the fruits of his honest industry. The poor man, stung with this instance of unparalleled ingratitude and insensibility, boldly determined, instead of submitting to his wrongs, to seek relief; and, in a letter addressed to Philip, represented his own and the soldier's conduct in a lively and affecting manner. The king was instantly fired with indignation; he ordered that justice should be done without delay; that the possessions should be immediately restored to the man whose charitable offices had been thus horridly repaid: and, having seized his soldier, caused these words to be branded on his forehead, THE UNGRATEFUL GUEST: a character infamous in every age, and among all nations, but particularly among the Greeks, who, from the earliest times, were most scrupulously observant of the laws of hospitality.

REMARKABLE WORDS.

THERE is a word in the English language to which, if you add a syllable, it will make it shorter. Short is the word required, to which if you add *er* it will then be *shorter*. This is a paradox; for the word, being actually made longer, becomes really *shorter*. And now, *vice versa*, to contrast with the above, I shall name two or three words, which, by being made shorter in one sense, become longer in another. *Plague* is a word of one syllable; take

away the two first letters, and there will be a word of two syllables remaining; by which it appears the *ague* is four sixths of the plague: we have three other words of this kind, viz. te*ague*, le*ague*, P*rague*.

There is a word in the English language of five syllables, from which if one syllable be deducted no syllable remains —*monosyllable*.

The two longest monosyllables in our language are *strength* and *streights*, and the very-longest word *honorificabilitudinity*. But this is an obsolete phrase, and is not to be found in any vocabulist I know of, Baily excepted, who has borrowed it from the Latin, in which language it has a letter more, viz. *honorificabilitudinitas*.

Heroine is perhaps, as peculiar a word as any in our tongue; the two first letters of it are male, the three first female, the four first a brave man, and the whole word a brave woman. It runs thus; *he*, *her*, *hero*, *heroine*.

We have a term for a beggar, which may be divided without the transposition of a single letter, with only the addition of an apostrophe, so as to make a complete simple sentence; and such a sentence as a person of this description may generally address himself withal: the term is *mendicant*, and the sentence arising from its division—*mend* I *can't*; which most of them may too truly assert.

These words deserve remark; *tartar*, *papa*, and *murmur* in English, *toto* in Latin, and *berber* in the Turkish language; because each of them are but the same syllable twice repeated.

We have several dissyllable words, which read the same backwards as forwards, such as *aga*, *ala*, *lesel*, *refer*, &c. But we have very few which constitute a different word by a reverse reading; there are these, *lever*, *ever*, *repel*, *sever*, which read backwards make *revel*, *reve*, *leper*, *reves*; and *æra*, by dissolving the dipthong, when retrogradely read, will be *ærea*. Of trisyllables there cannot be expected so many; *animal*, it is true, will be found to make the Latin, and, by adoption, English word, *lamina*.

FEMALE CONSTANCY.

OR THE EFFECTS OF POETRY.

[From a Paris Journal.]

POETRY or music: which of the two possesses the most powerful influence on man? It is difficult to decide upon the superiority of either. It is known what prodigies were wrought by the latter under the fingers of Orpheus and Amphion, and the powerful effects which it produced through the organ of Tyrtæus. Neither are the vast projects to which the poetry of Homer incited the young King of Macedon forgotten. The following anecdote of an occurrence last summer proves the influence of the beautiful poems of Tasso, the Homer of Italy.

A young lady, from the neighbourhood of Alexandria, belonging to a family of distinction, had devoted herself, from her infancy, to the study of Tasso, whose Jerusalem Delivered she had entirely by heart. Such was her taste for this poet, and so far had she identified herself with his heroines, that she alternately believed herself to be Sophronia braving the fury of Aladius; Clorinda contending with Tancred; or Herminia penetrating, during the night, the camp of the Christians. She regarded these adventures as natural, and was disposed to imitate them.

An opportunity soon occurred: the Italian hearkens to the addresses of a young gentlem[illegible], who is extremely anxious to marry her; but whose father, from motives of interest, opposes his wishes. The young man, obliged to yield to the will of his father, a friend to the French party, enters into the service, and joins the army of reserve, after leaving a farewell letter to his mistress. The father intercepts the letter. The young lady, hearing of the departure of her lover, without receiving one line of consolation from him, considers herself as neglected. The idea of not being loved afflicts her heart, and troubles her understanding: she consults the heroines of Tasso. What would the tender Herminia have done thus abandoned? She would have

followed her unfeeling lover to the army; she would have lavished her own days to save those of the ingrate, and to convince him of the truth of her passion. Such is the part she determines on taking. She wins over an old servant of the family; sets out with him; purchases a hussar coat at the next town; goes straight to the French camp; shows her brother's papers, which she had taken out of his portfolio; joins the crowd of Italians, who came to the army of the Republic; and, under her brother's name, receives a flattering reception.

Confounded with the crowd of soldiers, she contemplates her lover; follows him every where with her eyes, and believes herself far from his thoughts, when she sees him joining in the pleasures of the other officers, and preparing for the great battle, which was fought a few days after on the plains of Marengo.

This girl, actually believing herself to be Clorinda, appeared determined to join in the combat; for she belonged to a detachment commanded by her lover himself, and charged with the defence of a post on the side of Villa-de faro; but her brother, having traced her to the army, came on the following morning to reclaim his sister and the papers, on the faith of which she had been enrolled. The father was so much touched with this extraordinary display of love, that he gave his consent to the marriage.

BEAUTY DESTROYED BY AFFECTATION.

THE Graces, all three sisters, all extremely pretty ladies, and maids of honour to the Goddess Venus, the all-powerful Queen of Love, lived together, for a long time, in the strictest bonds of affection and friendship one towards another, which is somewhat extraordinary, indeed, as they were such near relations, such uncommon beaues and such distinguished favourites at court.

In process of time, however, pride and ambition sowed the seeds of jealousy amongst them. Each began to plume

herself on her own imaginary charms, and each insisted on her precedence, as having the most fire in her eyes, the most resistless arts of pleasing in conversation, and the surest and most enchanting ways of making captives of her beholders. The contest in short, grew so warm, that they entertained thoughts of making their appeal to their mistress Venus on so important and critical an affair.

"For my part," said Miss Euphrosyne, with a smile of indifference and disdain, "I desire no better a judge, since no one will be more impartial; and we are all sensible that no one can possibly be better qualified to settle and adjust the merit and prize of beauty. Let us lay, I say, my dear sisters, all animosities aside, and at once, without more ado, agree to refer our cause to her decision. Let her declare which of us is in reality possessed of the most prevailing charms, the most resistless arts of pleasing, but, then, let us unanimously agree, likewise, to make no further appeals; let us acquiese in, and subscribe to, her sentence, as final and conclusive."

"Subscribe to her yourself, if you please," replied Miss Thalia, not a little nettled, and visibly chagrined at her sister's seeming confidence in the merit of her cause."

"Without any further words or dissention between us," said Miss Aglaë, I highly approve of the proposal. I don't care, sisters, for my part, how soon our petty controversy is drawn to a final conclusion."

This emulation of their's soon reached the ears of their mistress Venus, who summoned them all immediately to make their personal appearance in court; and accordingly assumed the bed of justice with such a grace, and such an air of complacency, as is beyond the power of words to express; reflecting, with a secret pleasure, how in time past, upon a dispute of the like nature, the golden apple was adjudged to herself by the shepherd Paris, in preference both to Juno and Minerva.

The court being set, and all the contending parties present, Venus directed each of them to exert her peculiar talents and secret arts of incantation, to which she laid a peculiar claim.

Each accordingly prepared to obey her orders: all of them, equally fired with a fond desire and restless hope of being pronounced the best qualified charmer, with equal pleasure and cheerfulness practised their studied arts and stratagems to please before her. But those restless hopes, those fond desires of approbation, with which they were all embarrassed, perfectly baffled their ambitious views, and turned out to their equal disadvantage.

One screwed up her mouth in so prim a form, that she made the most frightful and disagreeable figure that could well be conceived; the second, through an inordinate ambition to show her fine row of teeth, distorted every feature of her face; and the last, proud of her black sparkling eyes, rolled them about to such a violent degree, that, in the eye of her female and impartial judge, she appeared perfectly to squint.

"Are these your arts?" said Venus. "Are these your studied charms?——Fie, ladies, fie!—I almost blush for you. How dare you put on such artful airs before me?——Get out of court: go home directly. Consult your respective mirrors with impartiality, and let me hear no more of your unnatural contentions. If you are desirous of resuming your former title, I mean that of the Graces, and my favourite attendants; if you are actually eager and fond of pleasing, never study any of those killing airs, I beseech you. As the least thought of that nature is too much, never think of your charms at all: for it is a maxim with me, that will admit of no exception,——that she who is solicitous of pleasing over much, inevitably gives disgust. In a word.

"*Affectation is the bane of beauty.*"

MENTAL BEAUTY.

MENTAL acquirements are inexhaustible happiness. To a want of these is owing that listless langour, that peevish insipidity which so often pervades the closing years of life.

A man, whose mind is stored with knowledge, flies not from himself in search of undiscoverable happiness; he has that within him which defies the ravages of time; his soul is still young. The bright energies of the mind, soaring far beyond the narrow limits of terrestrial sight, rove unconfined through the vast system of nature; the planetary world presents its varied beauties to the piercing sense, and the extended universe itself is open to inspection. On the other hand, the man whose whole life has been spent in the acquisition of riches which he cannot enjoy, labours under the last years of existence, and flies in vain to auxiliary aids: impotent are all his efforts, for nothing can charm the soul unadorned with mental beauty. To him the lazy hours drag heavily on; and all the beauties of creation appear as sable spots floating in a wide-extended vacuum: Nature has never been studied in her native dress, and all her charms when presented to him, lose their attractive influence.

A contraction of ideas confines the grovelling soul, or suffers it to ramble only among the wilds of folly. The sports of childhood, when compared to the amusements of ignorant old age, are feats of manly prowess; and the prattling of a lisping infant, superior to the ideotism of years. In whatever sphere of life we move, mental beauties will ever charm the eye of sense, and the emanations of knowledge ever enliven the social hour.

The tender buds of genius, carefully cultured in the dawn, will in the meridian of life bloom in full expansion; but if neglected then, they will wither and decay, and a sterile stalk alone remaining, will reproach the folly of inattention.

The transient charms of external beauty, may for a time enchant the youthful lover; the maiden may gaze with rapture on the manly form, but nothing short of intrinsic merit can prove the existence of continued love. Mental worth alone, can support its possessor against the attacks of fate or fortune; and afford him a permanent delight, when the passions are impotent and disgusting.

CARLOS.

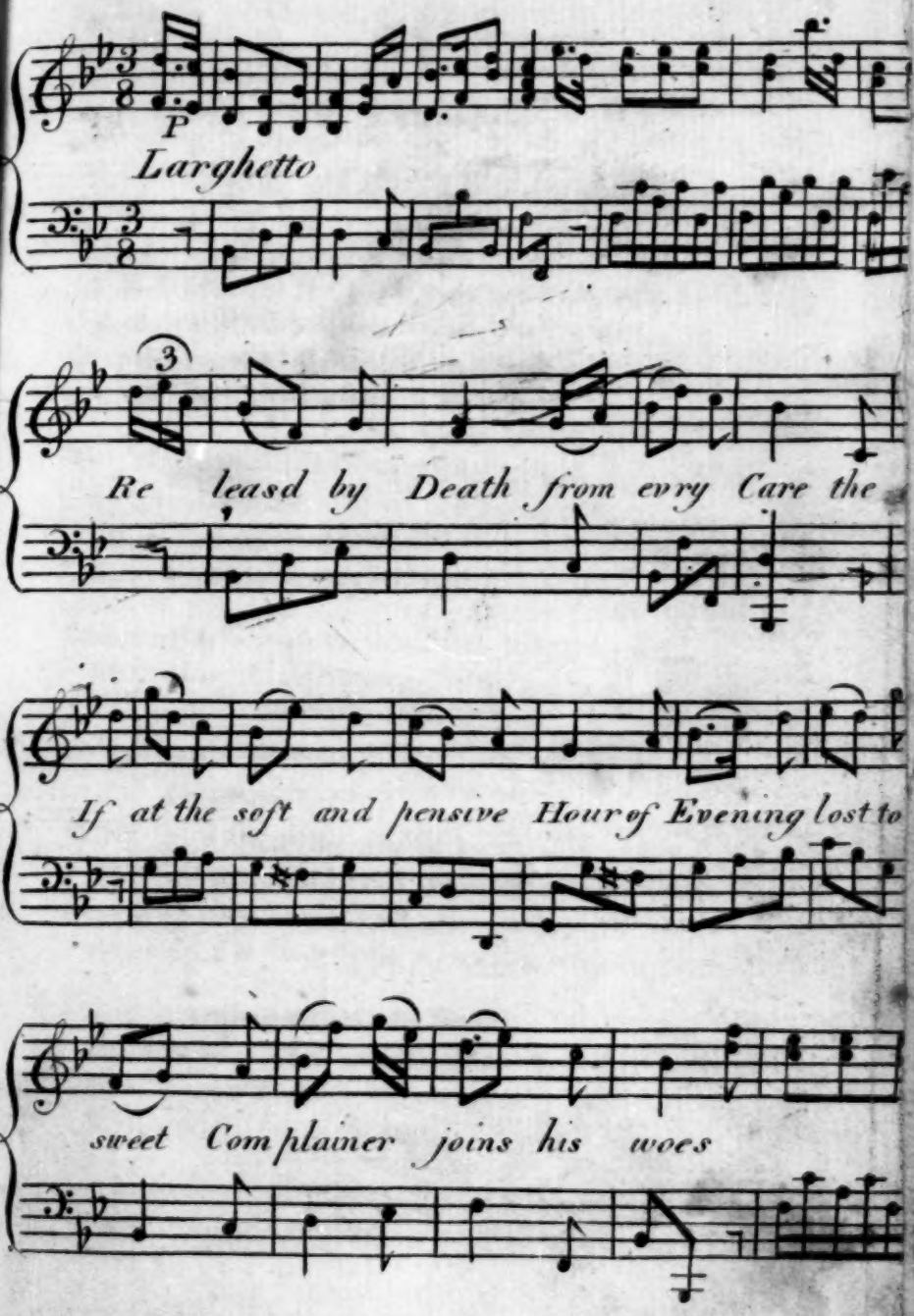
Song,

HIGH O'ER THE GRAVE WHERE MARY SLEEPS.

High o'er the grave where Mary sleeps,
Releas'd by death from every care,
The silver willow hangs and weeps,
And pity's bird sings dirges there ;
At the soft and pensive hour,
Of evening lost to all repose,
Her lover seeks the lonely bower,
That sweet complainer joins his woes.

For Mary lost in beauty's bloom,
The hopeless pilgrim pours his moan.
And while with flowers he decks her tomb,
He sheds the tear for her alone,
At morn's grey dawn, and eve's decline,
Should pity to the shade repair,
That saint of sympathy divine,
Will find the weeping mourner there.

High o'r the



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POETRY.

THE AFRICAN LOVERS.

WHERE the profound Atlantic Ocean roars,
And sweeps tempestuous billows o'er the sand,
Or wildly rages on Columbia's shores,
Columbia, mart of wealth to ev'ry land.

Two Negro youths in former ages dwelt,
In whom both nat'ral grace and beauty shone;
With mutual zeal fair Friendship's flame they felt,
Each wept his fellow's suff'rings as his own.

One morn as through the fields they bent their way,
Still and serene all nature seem'd around,
The soaring sky-lark tun'd his vocal lay,
And, distant far, loud yell'd the coursing hound.

When, lo! a damsel lay beside a brook,
That pour'd its waters thro' the neighb'ring meads;
Sometimes upon its banks she cast a look,
And seem'd to listen to the whisp'ring reeds.

Beauty sat smiling on her jetty face,
Her form might with the straightest cocoa vie';
And, as she mov'd, shone forth with ev'ry grace
That wins the heart and captivates the eye.

Say, beauteous maid, what prompts you to remove
Far from the pleasures of yon mirthful cot?

Is it, my fair, to view the flow'ry grove,
Or taste the coolness of the peaceful grot?

Maraton. Thy breath more scented than the new-blown rose,
And balmy lips the buzzing bees invite:
Thy glossy hue, that far transcends the sloes,
How fine a contrast with those teeth so white!

Louisa. Tho' truly grateful praise like ours must prove,
Springing from two such fond and faithful hearts,
Yet cease, kind youths, restrain your tender love,
No sweets for me your mutual flame imparts.

But now the bat wheels low his mazy flight,
Whilst not a single murmur meets the ear;
The dusky trees declare th' approach of night,
And sorrowing clouds distil the dewy tear.

Farewell! for now I seek my lowly bed,
And soon reclin'd shall on its surface lay,
Where slumbers soft may lull my weary'd head,
And steep my soul in rest till dawn of day.

Thus said, across the wood she took her way,
And soon with nimble steps attain'd her home;
Each warbling songster couch'd upon his spray,
And lowing herds had ceas'd the fields to roam;

And now the youths retire with ling'ring tread,
Bending their sad course o'er the desert heath;
The smoke quick rises from their humble shed,
And waves around in many a spiry wreath:

Hush'd into peaceful rest the Negroes sleep,
And not a distant sound their dwelling shocks,
Save where the horrors of the foaming deep
Dash mountain billows 'gainst the craggy rocks;

Now ruddier skies proclaim the halcyon morn,
The grazing sheep explore each verdant hill;
Sol's burnish'd rays the dewy vales adorn,
And gently strike athwart the murmuring rill.

Our youths no more with gladness hail'd the dawn,
To seek the place where fragrant flow'rets spring;
No more with blithsome step they press'd the lawn,
Or walk'd the grove to hear the warblers sing:

Both equal felt the hapless flames of love,
Both mourn'd incessant the past fatal day,
When peaceful and serene they sought the grove,
To shun the fury of the solar ray.

But still their friendship was preferr'd to love
(That friendship's but a name let none pretend,)
Nor wish'd its former ardour to remove;
Each of his charmer scorn'd to rob his friend.

For both the tender-hearted maiden griev'd,
Both equal dwelt within her troubled mind;
Oft in the lonely wood her bosom heav'd,
And pour'd its sorrows to the passing wind.

One peaceful eve as in the silent dale
She sought the comfort of a friendly shade,
Where soft and cool the gently-breathing gale
Wav'd the light boughs that crown'd the verdant glade.

Quick from the covert of a neighb'ring grove
To which the maid her sorrows would impart,
The youths rush forth, thrice clasp her whom they love,
Then plunge a dagger in the charmer's heart.

She's gone; ah! me, she yields her hapless life!
There the freed soul on airy pinions flies!

Thus sinks the lamb beneath the slaught'ring knife,
Thus, stain'd with gore, the bleating victim dies.

Lo! now the shades of night hang o'er the main,
Fierce-swelling waves roll to the sandy shore,
Thick dark'ning clouds pour down the beating rain,
And angry winds like solemn thunders roar.

Far from the tempest's rage then let us go,
And hail the groves of bliss, where no controul,
No tyrant's horrid frown, the sign of woe,
Can freeze the free-born current of the soul.

Thus said, with fatal emulation fir'd,
Each plung'd the pointed weapon in his breast,
Then with a last, a deep drawn sigh expir'd,
To seek the realms of everlasting rest.

TO OPPRESSION.

CURS'd be thy iron reign, oppression dire,
Thou fell usurper of fair freedom's seat:
Fierce as the whirlwind, may thy victim's ire
Dash thee, remorseless fiend, beneath their feet.

From happy home thou dragg'st those victims forth
To scenes of horror, where fierce carnage reigns;
And desolation spreads o'er all the earth,
To add a *desert* to thy vast domains.

Though now in mould'ring heaps the village lies,
Its meads surrounding all distain'd with gore;

Fill'd with affright, tho' age decrepit flies,
And asks half-famish'd aid from door to door.

Though widow'd matrons rave with sorrow wild,
And thy terrific voice the young annoy;
Though *nature*, by the blasting breath's despoil'd,
Yet flash thy deep-sunk eyes with savage joys.

And hush'd is freedom's voice at thy command,
Repress'd her gen'rous energy of soul
Vainly she struggles with thy venal band,
To break corruption's mind-bewild'ring bowl.

But of more import other ills are seen,
The gloomy prison's death-cold cells behold;
Where ardent patriots groan with pallid mein,
Who spurn'd th' enchantress cup and luring gold.

Oh! view with pity the wide suff'ring world,
And abdicate thy proud usurped throne;
In Lethe's gulph may thy dread chains be hurl'd,
And free-born man no more with slavr'y groan;

ODE TO ANTIQUATED VIRGINITY.

HAIL! spotles Virgin! free from sin!
Sweet, modest maiden, hail!
To gain whose person, tall and thin,
None e'er could yet prevail.

Your mopstick arms, from flesh quite free,
We view with sweet delight;

Your waist, as thin as thin can be,
Enchants our wondering sight!

(In flowing numbers fain would I
Your wond rou praises sing,
And let imagination fly
On Fancy's soaring wing)

With crabbed looks, and sour grimace,
You mope like owl or bat,
And, with a most enchanting grace,
Purr like your tabby cat.

Your meagre face, drawn up so prim,
Holds every heart secure;
And should you chance *but once* to grin—
'Tis death beyond a cure!

THE RHYMING APOTHECARY.

ἸΗΤΗΡΑ νόσων,
ᾼΣΚΛΗΠΙΟΝ ἄρχομ' ἀείδειν
Υἱὸν ΑΠΟΛΛΩΝΟΣ.
Καὶ σὺ μὲν ἔτω χαῖρε,
Λίτομαι δὲ ὁ ἀοιδῆ.

HOMER.

A MAN, in many a country town, we know,
Professing openly with Death to wrestle:
Ent'ring the field against the grimly Foe,
Arm'd with a mortar and a pestle.
Yet, some affirm, no enemies they are;
But meet just like prize-fighters in a fair,
Who first shake hands before they box,
Then give each other plaguy knocks

With all the love and kindness of a brother:
" So," many a suff'ring patient saith,
" Though the apothecary fight with Death,
Still they're sworn friends to one another."
A member of this Æsculapian line
In THANET liv'd, and lov'd his wine.
No man could better gild a pill,
Or make a bill;
Or mix a draught, or bleed or blister;
Or draw a tooth out of your head,
Or chatter scandal by your bed,
Or give a glister.
Of occupations these were *quantum suff.*;
Yet still he thought the list not long enough;
And therefore midwifery he chose to pin to't.
This balanc'd things; for, if he hurl'd
A few score mortals from the world,
He made amends, by bringing others into 't.
His fame around the country ran;
In short, in reputation he was *solus*.
All the old women call'd him 'a fine man!'
His name was BOLUS,
Benjamin Bolus, though in *trade*,
Which oftentimes great Genius fetters,
Read works of fancy, it is said,
And cultivated the *belles lettres*.
And why should this be thought so odd?
Can't men have taste who cure a phthysic?
The Poets have their patron God:
APOLLO patronizes Physic.
Bolus lov'd verse, and took so much delight in't:
That his directions he resolv'd to write in't.
No opportunity he e'er let pass
Of writing the directions on his labels,
In dapper couplets, like Gay's Fables,

Or, rather, like the lines in Hudibras,
Apothecaries rhyme! and where's the treason?
'Tis simply honest dealing---not a fault.
When patients swallow physic without reason,
Is it not fair to give a little salt?
He had a patient lying at death's door,
Some five miles from the town---it might be more;
To whom, one evening, Bolus sent an article
In pharmacy, that's called cathartical;
And on the label of the stuff
He wrote this verse,
Which, one would think, was clear enough,
And terse:
"When taken,
To be well shaken."
Next morning, early, Bolus rose,
And to St. Nicholas he goes
Upon his pad,
Who a vile trick of stumbling had.
It was indeed a very sorry hack:
But that's of course;
For, what's expected from a horse
With an apothecary on his back?
Bolus arriv'd; and gave a *doubtful* tap,
Between a single and a double rap.
Knocks of this kind
Are giv'n by gentlemen who teach to dance,
By fiddlers, and by opera-singers;
One loud; and then, a little one behind;
As if the knocker fell by chance
Out of their fingers.
The servant lets him in, with dismal face,
Long as a courtier's out of place,
Portending some disaster.
John's countenance as rueful look'd, and grim,

As if th' apothecary had physick'd *him*,
And not his master.
" Well, how's the patient?" Bolus said.
John shook his head!
" Indeed! hum! ha! that's very odd!
He took the draught? John gave a nod.
" Well how? what then? speak out you dunce."
" Why, then," said John, " we *shook* him once."
" *Shook* him! how?" Bolus stammer'd out.
" We *jolted him about*."
" Zounds! shake a patient, man! a shake won't do!"
" No, sir; and so we gave him *two*."
" Two shakes! odds curse!
'Twould make the patient worse."
" It did so, sir; and then, a *third* we tried."
" Well! and what then?" " Then, sir, alas!"
Said John, " my master died."

TO KNOWLEDGE.

HAIL *Knowledge!* great ennobler of the mind;
All hail, thou dear refiner of the heart:
Sublimest gift of heav'n to human kind,
'Tis thine the choicest pleasures to impart.

Sweet are thy paths, bestrew'd with many a flow'r,
And fraught with generous joy the sacred flame;
Thine, the rich blessings of the social hour,
And thine the charms the rugged breast to tame.

As the thick vapours of the murky night
Recede when pierc'd by Sol's effulgent beam;
And lovely nature ting'd with radiance bright,
Unfolds her matchless charms with grace supreme:

E'en so, when *mental shades* the mind involve,
And *error's* mists obscure fair reason's ray,

'Tis thine, celestial *knowledge!* to dissolve
The intellectual fogs---and *light* display!

To pour philanthropy o'er every breast,
To join mankind in friendship's bond is thine;
To bid discordant passions sink to rest,---
Such the sweet impulse of thy ray benign!

Of empires vast the chequer'd fate we trace,
And mark each cause portentous of their fall;
Heroes and kings, a long illustrious race,
Prostrate behold! at death's all-potent call.

'Tis there we rove through Homer's lofty strains,
The virtue of th' Athenian sage* admire;
There hail the bard† sublime of Britain's plains,
Or glow enraptur'd with a Shakespeare's fire!

From Alpine hills bedeck'd with living snow,
To the dark caverns of the rocky steep;
From regions where the fervid lightnings glow,
To the dead chambers of the hoary deep.---

But not the sphere of earth's capacious plan,
Adventurous *knowledge!* bounds thy daring pow'r,
'Tis thine, with glowing breast serene to scan
The sparkling gems that grace the *silent* hour.

Led by thine ardent ray, sublime we soar
Beyond the confines of this orb terrene,
And with a *Herschel's* piercing gaze explore
The midnight grandeurs of the starry scene.

With him we range the wide ethereal space,
And mark the planet's vast stupendous roll;
Or burning comet's pathless orbit trace,---
Whilst awe-struck rapture swells th' astonish'd soul!

---

* Socrates. † Milton.

ODE

For the Fourth of July, 1801.

COMPOSED BY MR. LOW.

O'ER the corn-cover'd fields, and each forest crown'd height,
That *America's* bosom adorn.
See the sun-shine of *Liberty* spreading its light,
Like the smiling effulgence of morn!

Through the years that have pass'd since the æra commenc'd
When the goddess proclaimed we were free,
What life blessing gifts hath her bounty dispens'd!
How signally favour'd were we!

Yet tempests and clouds have been sent from afar,
Oppression his gauntlet hath thrown;
And the grim-visag'd, "gory lock'd Dæmon of *War*,"
His heart chilling clarion hath blown.

But the storm is averted; the clouds are dispers'd;
To their Fountain the East, lo! they flee;
Nor grim-visag'd *War*, nor *Oppression* hath curs'd
The land of the brave and the free.

See *Liberty's* Sun; through the shadows that fly,
How it darts its beneficent rays!
Unclouded it soon will extend o'er the sky,
'Till a world is illum'd by its blaze!

Like Nature's bright orb, it invigorates, warms,
And cheers and irradiates the breast;
Sterility curses, and Famine deforms
The soil which it never hath blest.

Columbians! let transport your bosoms pervade,
Exult that this blessing is yours:

Oh, ne'er in your hands may it perish or fade,
But last while creation endures!

On the birth-day of *Liberty*, Gratitude's strain
To the source of all good shall arise,
That our brothers and sires did not struggle in vain,
But bled to transmit the rich prize.

This epoch auspicious, this Jubilee day,
Independence and *Peace* are our lot;
Lo! *Union's* strong arm strikes our foe with dismay,
And *Dissention* is almost forgot.

Our horn of abundance with blessings o'er-flows;
Fair *Ceres* rejoices the land;
And *Commerce* in *Industry's* lap, daily throws
The wealth which her art can command.

From the forest's thick gloom see a navy arise,
Which soon shall awe *Tyranny's* powers;
Whate'er of prosperity freemen can prize,
All, all except WASHINGTON's ours.

But ours are the fruits of his virtues,—his name
Shall the downfall of empires outlive;
More lasting than time or than matter,—his fame
Shall the Globe's dissolution survive.

The empire of *Virtue* and *Reason* draws near;
Soon *Truth*, clad in adamant mail,
August and undaunted, her standard shall rear,
And Error no longer prevail!

COLUMBIA! rejoice in the prospect benign;
What Glory thy children betides!
Arts, Genius, and *Science* shall henceforth be thine,
For a Sage and a Patriot presides:

Foreign News.

Copy of a Letter from Lord Elgin to Lord Hawkesbury, dated Constantinople, 9th May, 1801.

MY LORD,

Mr. Morier having returned from Egypt, I have the satisfaction of being able to lay before your Lordship a far more particular account of the affairs and proceedings in that country than it has hitherto been in my power to communicate. He left the Camp before Alexandria on the 22d ult.

At that time the enemy remained in their strong position upon the heights near the eastern walls of Alexandria—their numbers about 6000 men. They were still in anxious expectation of receiving reinforcements, particularly that which had been announced to them as coming from Admiral Ganthaume.

The loss of the enemy, according to the numerous reports which had been collected, certainly exceeds five thousand men, and a great proportion of officers; four Generals are known to have been killed. Every encouragement seems to have been given and held out to the French army to ensure their utmost exertions. Among other things, they were taught to expect no quarter from the British. The prisoners agree, that in no part of this war had such hard fighting or such determined bravery ever been seen, as they have met with from our army in Egypt.

I presume that Sir Ralph Abercromby's absence from the Camp, in consequence of his wounds on the 21st of March, had created a momentary suspension of our operations; and the irreparable loss occasioned by his death must also necessarily have checked the prosecution of plans, in the formation and execution of which he had always borne so leading a part. The Captain Pacha did not arrive in time to see Sir Ralph Abercromby; but it appear that Ge-

neral Hutchinson followed his Excellency's intention relative to the troops on board the Turkish fleet, by employing them against Rosetta, and accordingly directed Colonel Spencer, having under him a corps of about 800 British, to proceed with the Turks to that expedition. The town was evacuated without risistance. Some guns were then brought to bear upon the Fort St. Julien, which commands the entrance of the river. The garrison of 368 men surrendered on the 19th ult.

Rahmanich was still in the hands of the French. They had fortified it, both in a view to secure their communications from the upper part of the Delta and Upper Egypt, whence they received their provisions.

Under these circumstances General Hutchinson has very much strengthened his position between Aboukir and Alexandria, not only by a range of works in front, but particularly by opening the sluices which kept in the waters in the lake on their left; and if, as is supposed, this inundation shall extend over the whole of the plain, to the east of the Lake Mareotis, the communication between Alexandria and Rahmanich, which is the enemy's nearest point, will be 8 or 9 days journey without water.

Having taken these measures, General Hutchinson was to transfer his head-quarters to Rosetta on the 23d ult. to which place he had already sent forward a strong detachment, amounting to about four thousand British, including Colonel Spencer's corps; and he was immediately to proceed from thence, with nearly an equal number of the Captain Pacha's troops, against Rahmanich, where the French were understood to have assembled 3000 men.

On the other hand, advices had been received several days before from the Grand Visier, dated at Belbeis, from which it appeared that his Highness, reinforced by nearly 5000 men from Djezzar Pasha, had passed the Desert, and had advanced so far towards Cairo, without meeting with opposition either at Salahich or at Belbeis. He had also detached a corps which has taken possession of the town of Damietta, though the fort of L'Esbe is still in the hands of the French.

It is not expected that His Highness will experience any material resistance at the town of Cairo.—And I find it is the determination of General Hutchinson to afford His Highness such aid as may be requisite towards the attacking the fortifications which the French occupy near to the town if it is necessary to reduce them by force.

General Hutchinson has further received a favorable letter from Murad Bey, saying he is ready to join us when we come into his neighbourhood.

I am happy to add, that our army are in the highest health and spirits. The climate and weather had hitherto been most propitious, the natives had acquired the greatest degree of confidence from the proclamation issued by our army; and were continuing to bring in horses and provisions in great plenty. Nearly 1000 of our cavalry are now well mounted there; and we have had above 11,000 infantry in the field.

The utmost degree of unanimity prevails between the British and Turkish troops.

I have the honor to be, &c.

ELGIN.

American Intelligence.

A MINE of Silver and Lead has recently been discovered at Freeport in the district of Main, which promises a source of very considerable wealth to the proprietors. Workmen are already engaged in preparing the metal.

July 3.—During a violent thunder gust Mr. Cornelius Rice, who lived three miles from Rariton Landing, in New Jersey, while on a stack of rye, was struck with lightning and instantly killed. His hat and boots were shivered to atoms.

About the same time, a Mr. Clark, who lived at Middleton, N. Jersey, was killed with lightning. Three horses, at the same time, were also killed.

Domestic Occurrences.

July 4th.—The day as usual, was ushered in by the ringing of bells, the firing of a national salute from the battery, and from the fort on Governor's Island; which were very handsomely returned by the two French vessels in the harbour. All the vessels in the harbour hoisted their colours. At 10 o'clock, the different military corps assembled in Broad-way, and exhibited a splendid appearance. Here also, were assembled the Mechanic, Cooper's and Tammany societies. From hence, they marched to the battery, where a national salute was again fired, as well as from the guns on Governor's Island, amid the acclamations of the numerous citizens present. From the battery, the different societies marched through the principal streets in the city, to the brick-meeting house, where the Ode, composed by Mr. Low, was sung, accompanied with appropriate instrumental music. The Declaration of Independence was then read by Mr. Campbell, after which an Oration was delivered by Capt. George I. Eacker. After the oration was delivered a collection was made for the education of youth, and the citizens, in inverted order, returned to the battery, whence after giving three cheers, they retired to the festive board to finish the celebration of this never to be forgotten event.

4th.—One of the Elizabeth-town ferry-boats ran down a small boat at anchor off the battery, in which were Mr. Jesse Coles, his three sons, and two other boys, in the act of fishing. Mr. Coles's youngest son, about 6 years old, was drowned. It was a painful and interesting scene to behold the good old man contending with the deep to save his children, two of whom he snatched from death, by swimming with them in his arms till they were taken up.

There is no other way of accounting for this accident than, that those who were in the ferry-boat, were so intent in viewing the parade on the battery, that they did not discover the yawl till it was too late to prevent the disaster.

Same day, one of the Bull's ferry-boats upset in a squall. The four passengers and three horses that were in at the time, were, however, fortunately saved.

25*th*.—This morning between 2 and 3 o'clock, a fire broke out in the bake-house of Mr. Andrew Mercein, in Gold-street, which, together with two adjoining stables, one belonging to Jacob Mott and the other to John Minues, and a paint shop of John R. Cozine, were entirely consumed. The loss of Mr. Mercein is estimated at four thousand dollars, on which there was no insurance.

28*th*.—This afternoon a fire broke out in a Turpentine Distillery, near Bunker's Hill, the property of Mr. Brown; and notwithstanding the vigorous exertions of our citizens, it was consumed, together with an adjoining new house. Mr. B's loss we understand is estimated at 3000 dollars.

Marriages.

At Poughkeepsie, Wm. Broom, Esq. of this city, to Mrs. Ann Barber, of that place—And Mr. Peter Traver, to Miss Hannah Ring.

11*th*.——By the Rev. Mr. Kuyper, Mr. Marcellus M. Van Gieson, merchant, of this city, to Miss Catherine Morrel, daughter of Mr. Abm. Morrel, deceased, of Elizabeth-Town.

Same evening at Newark, by the Rev. Doctor Ogden, Mr. Edward Hedden, to Miss Mary Concklin, both of Orange.

23*d*.—By the Rev. Dr. M'Knight, Mr. Henry Worral, to Miss Dorothy Wade, both of this city.

By the Rev. Mr. Pilmore, Mr. John Casilear of this city, to Miss Rebecca Stevenson, of Spotswood, (N. J.)

At Philadelphia, by the Rev. Mr. Milledollar, Mr. Francis Nicholson, merchant of this city, to the amiable Miss Ann Brice, daughter of Capt. John Brice, of Philadelphia.

24*th*.—By the Rev. Dr. Kunzie, Mr. Henry A. Coster, merchant, to Miss Magdalene Will, daughter of Mr. Henry Will, both of this city.

Deaths.

June 29th.—The much and deservedly lamented Miss Harriet Smith, eldest daughter of Paschal N. Smith, in the 22d year of her age, after a long and painful indisposition, which she bore with christian patience and resignation.

" *Early, bright, transient, chaste as morning dew,*
" *She sparkled, was exaled, and went to heaven.*
YOUNG.

July 1st.—At Newark, at the house of Mr. Peter Hill, Miss Ann D. Barclay, late of New-York, in the 21st year of her age. At the interment of her corpse, an address, adapted to the solemnity, was delivered by the Rev. Doctor Ogden, and an appropriate prayer was made by the Rev. Doctor Macworter. The pall was supported by eight young gentlemen.

4th.——At Savannah, Capt. J. Duval, a native of Sagg-Harbor, on Long-Island, and master of the Ship Diana, of that port.—Capt. Duval, with a number of citizens of Savannah, assembled on Telfait's Wharf, with an intention of firing a Federal salute from a six pounder. She was charged 10 times, and on loading the 11th, suddenly went off and blew Capt. D. into the river, with the loss of his right hand, a fractured arm, and other bruises, with which he expired, universally lamented.

15th.——After a short illness of the *Cholera Morbus*, Dr. James Lawrence, of this city.

20th.——After a short and severe illness, Mr. Israel Moses, aged 17 years and 4 months, son of Mr. Isaac Moses.

22d.——At Philadelphia, of a lingering complaint, Alexander Wilcocks Esq. Recorder of that city.

At Poughkeepsie, Miss Belinda Emot.

At the same place, Mr. Abraham Swartwout, merchant, brother of the Marshal of this district.

24th.——Mrs. Hannah Werth, wife of John I. Werth, of this city.

30th.——After a short illness Mr. Jacob F. Arden.